

# W.H.S. SAVANNAH DAILY EVENING POST

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## IF WE WOULD WE?

If we knew the woe of heartache  
Waiting for us down life's road,  
If our lips could taste some wormwood,  
If our backs could feel some load;  
Would we waste the day in wishing  
For a time that never can be;  
Would we wait in such impatience  
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew baby fingers  
Pressed against the window pane  
Might be cold and stiff to-morrow—  
Never to trouble us again;  
Would the bright eyes of that darling  
Catch the frown from off our brow?  
Would those prints of rosy fingers  
Vex us then as they do now?

Strange we never prize the music  
Till the sweet voice bird has flown;  
Strange that we should slight the violets  
Until all their scent is gone;  
Strange that summer skies and sunshine  
Never seem one-half so fair;  
Until winter's snowy pinions  
Shake their white down in the air!

Let us bask, then, in the sunbeams  
Shining in yon'st rosy lanes;  
Let us cast our chaff and nettles,  
Keeping only wheaten grains;  
Let us find our sweetest comfort  
In the blessings of to-day;  
With a patient hand removing  
Life and whys from out our way.

## LETTY'S TEMPTATION.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY I. D. FENTON.

### CHAPTER III.

The mist had blown over next day, the sun was out again, and the sea calm and blue. Lettie accounted for her pale face by saying she had a headache, and thus got off accompanying her aunt to the castle, where there was to be a formal giving over of linen. As soon as the house was cleared, she brought down her hat, and set off for her favorite seat among the rocks, where, with the sea lashing and breaking among the rocks at her feet, the gulls shrieking over head, she thought she could look her fate in the face, and form some plan to avoid a meeting with the Squire.

She had not been on the rocks half an hour when a quick, firm footfall sent the blood to her cheeks, and she and her false lover were face to face.

It would be difficult to say which was the more confused—Gawain, who had sought the meeting, or Lettie, who had been telling herself it must come.

He was the first to speak, but he made no attempt to approach nearer as he did so. He said, "My wife found your ear-ring, and then I knew who Mrs. Lloyd's niece was."

Lettie held out her hand mechanically, but instead of putting the ear-ring into it, Gawain clasped it closely, bursting into an explanation of his actions, excusing, condoning, and lamenting his course in one breath.

Lettie was powerless while he spoke of his love and of the bright hopes he once held out; but when he tried to excuse his marriage, and told her he had taken a rich wife to retrieve his fortune, the girl's indignation and outraged love spoke forth.

Mr. Gawain was prepared for this. It only showed him that Lettie's heart was still his, that however her judgment might condemn or virtue plead, the power he had once held was as strong as ever. Seeing this he could afford to listen patiently.

"I will do nothing to torment you, Lettie, he merciful to me, that is all. I am sparing the punishment of my sin. I did not seek you out, Lettie, we have not for some good end. For God's sake, do not drive me desperate, give me some chance of happiness, or, at least peace. I never was a good man, but if you do anything rash or cruel now, you'll drive me to destruction. Do not avoid the Castle for fear of seeing me; my wife wishes to have you. I will be out of the way. The terms are not so hard for you as for me—and what they are to me you can never know. A man's love is a different kind from a woman's, in spite of what the poet says: perhaps it is because men seldom give all their love, as I did."

And with a bitter laugh, he went away, and Lettie, left to herself, did what was only natural and womanlike—she sat with her head on her knees and cried, little thinking that any one saw her agony; but there, glancing out from a crevice between the rocks, were the bloodshot eyes of Sam, who had brought all the cringing of madness to aid him in concealing himself, and thus kept constant watch upon Lettie, and for this he had toiled through many a dark night, following out a hiding-place which he could reach without going along the path round the point.

Lettie had no easy task to perform; it was impossible for her to avoid going to the Castle without giving a reason for so doing, and that

reason she, of course, could not give. There was nothing for it but to trust in Mr. Gawain's promises, and for a time there seemed no cause to doubt it; she never saw him, and began to speculate upon her own strength again, telling herself that he could never have loved her as he professed, or that it would be impossible for him to act as calmly and coldly as he now did.

So reasoning, Lettie fell into the habit of spending day after day with Mrs. Gawain. Many a time during the next six or eight weeks there stole over Lettie an undefined sense of danger. She would start from her sleep in the dead of the night with tears streaming down her face, and her heart throbbing wildly. Once or twice, while sitting at her favorite place among the rocks, she had been seized with a sudden fear, and, impelled by some uncontrollable feeling, had run home, not even daring to look behind her. Lewis met her one day when this fit was on her, and the quarrel that had separated them was made up. He saw her pale, wild face, and interpreted it to his own satisfaction, and she, harassed and perplexed as she was, felt comfort and strength as Lewis put his arm round her, and told her how he had tormented him, and that henceforth he meant to take charge of her entirely, and not let her sit dreaming by the sea. Poor Lettie! the temptation was sore. Lewis was gentle and humble that night, and, after all, what right had she to exact so much, or why should she be jealous of what had gone before? Would he still care for her if her own story was told, and worse still, her heart laid bare? Lettie thought not; but determined then and there to risk it, and confess all at the first opportunity. Not that night; she must wait and tell Mrs. Gawain first, then she would be happier. And in the meantime Lewis and she would meet as usual; there would be no engagement, nothing more than there was at the present; but he would stay at home more; and when she was at the Castle he would come to fetch her home; for the nights were dark now, and Mrs. Gawain often kept her until night had set in, and only let Lettie escape when the Squire would be returning from shooting.

Mrs. Gawain had taken a violent liking to Lettie, and now that she was ill and weak, Rachel would not allow her niece to thwart her in fancy to see her every day, saying such fancies were excusable under the circumstances.

One night, late in October, Lettie started for home; she was earlier than usual; the wind was coming over the bay in fitful gusts, bringing heavy drops of rain. Just as she turned out of the grounds into the fields, she met the Squire coming home from shooting.

"It's a cold, lonely walk, Miss Lettie," he said, stopping, while the keeper walked forward; but Lettie only dropped a curtsey, and passed on. Then he followed her, repeating the words, but in a lower tone, and adding, "How cross you are, Lettie; here am I out all day, wind or rain, to make it more comfortable for you at the Castle, and even when I meet you by chance and speak a civil word that any man might say, you won't vouchsafe a look even. What have I done to make you treat me this way?"

"Indeed, I don't treat you any way wrong, sir!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Gawain, with an oath "what do you think I am made of, that you mock me? You didn't eat me 'off' in the happy days I am always thinking of and cursing myself for having lost the right to make you remember. Why don't you speak, Lettie?" he went on, pressing. "Why don't you speak, reproach, bully me? I deserve it all, for I am a selfish beast to remind you of old times, and tell you how miserable I am; but I never be selfish still. I meant to meet you to-night, I have something to tell you that you must hear. Will you stand here a few minutes and listen, or sit down upon the bank?" it was dry, and sheltered a little from the caressed wind. "I wish I could see your face, Lettie; I've not seen it this week, except in my dreams; and then it always looks as it did that day I saw you again on the rocks."

"You wanted to tell me something," said Lettie, desperately. All this talk was new to him, but death to her; she could not listen to his voice or feel her dress touch him without the old poison stealing through her life again. She was weak as a child in his presence, and in her heart she was wishing that Lewis, who generally came to meet her, would come.

"If I heard him coming, I would speak out—shame would make me a better girl," she thought. But Lewis did not come, and Mr. Gawain told her what he had to say—told her that his wife was dying, that the doctor who had seen her the week before, had confirmed the opinion already given that she might live until the spring, but only by going to a warmer climate. "We must go at once, and, Lettie!" —he paused, and drew a little nearer; she could feel him shadowing over her, and fancied she heard his heart beating. Her own was throbbing so fast that she had to consider again before she was quite sure that she had heard his next words right: "Come with me, Lettie," he said, speaking low and hurriedly, "and when I am free you shall be my wife."

The wind was blowing harder than ever, beating down the slender heads of the young spruce through which the path lay, scattering their perfume around, and all her life after a swift of scents from a fir-plantation brought back to Let-

tie the scene of her temptation—temptation which Providence suddenly turned aside, for clear upon the cold blast came the ring of a man's whistle.

"Who's that?" asked the Squire, as Lettie sprang to her feet.

"My cousin Lewis; he always comes to meet me," said Lettie, a sense of protection coming upon her, although at the same moment she felt as if she loathed and hated her cousin; and all the love and old visions of happiness flushed up—love and happiness now offered her; but ere she had had time to think, Gawain had thrown his arm round her, and pressing his lips to her face, whispered passionately.—

"Take care what you do, for, by— I am a desperate man! I bartered you away once, for money, but the Mint itself shall not come with us now if I can help it."

The whistle was close to them now, and the footstep audible. With a desperate effort Lettie freed herself from Gawain, and clambered over the fence, almost falling into Lewis's arms, and the Squire heard him exclaim,—

"Hullo, Lettie! what a hurry you are in. Why are you shaking like a leaf, darling? Has anything frightened you? Why didn't you wait, and I'd have been at the gate. I am rather late, for the Squire has been up at the farm, and mother stopped me to tell me how he'd been saying his wife was ill, and had to go away."

And then their voices died away in the distance, and Mr. Gawain turned homewards, coming up with the keeper where he had left him a quarter of an hour before, and half inclined to think he had been watching him. He gave the man a rating that he did not forget in a hurry, and which, curiously enough, raised Lettie greatly in his opinion, concluding that she, having given the Squire "a setting down," had thus ruffled his temper.

As they walked on, a figure came slinking along the path, close under the hedge.

"Who's that?" said Mr. Gawain, drawing back.

"Sam Bach, sir; he lives up at the farm, and follows Miss Lettie about like a shadow."

"Is he a lover of hers?"

The keeper laughed. "He's an idiot, sir."

"A madman and suffered to run about this way?"

"Sure, he's safe enough, sir. He's better than a watch-dog to Mrs. Lettie. She's kind to him, and saved him many a thrashing from young Lewis."

"But I've never seen this boy about."

"He was bearing for as last Friday, you remember, sir; the cooks you shot right and left, Sam flushed them."

The Squire said no more; he remembered the lad and the chill of repulsion that had crossed him at the time, and made up his mind to speak to Mrs. Lloyd about it.

Instead of going straight to the Castle next day, Lettie went to the rocks. She had no opportunity to think quietly at the farm, where there seemed a continual bustle, and where her aunt was now full of lamentation about the young Squire's sorrow, about his leaving so soon again, and the chances of the wife dying before the baby saw light. Down among the rocks and by the sea, dark, stormy, and noisy as it was, Lettie knew she could think; accordingly there she went, and there Mr. Gawain found her.

"I have come for my answer, Lettie," he said, sitting down by her side, and barring her escape.

"By Jove! what a night it was. I hope your cousin made himself agreeable. If all one hears is true, 'e's rather a dangerous companion for a young lady in choice as an escort every night. My keeper rather annoyed me by his account of the young gentleman's energy. It seems he does not keep his loveable secret either, or let them lose in the telling."

Lettie's cheeks grew very red, and Gawain saw he had gained the upper hand, and went on with a laugh.

"At all well! it don't much matter. To you, Lettie, he's on his good behavior of course, for their ways down here are not like our ways."

Lewis was a wild oats and settle boy into a respectable farmer some day. We'll give him the Church Farm. It's the best nest to his mother's, which of course goes to Evan. Now, Lettie, tell me who'll go with my wife?"

"No, not yet, I know I cannot. How could I? You told me once you loved me too deeply to wrong me, and so left me, and now you would make me the whitest living."

"You are wrong, Lettie. Before God you are wrong! I'll never speak to you—come near you without your permission, you'll only be there with her, and when I see her again—"

Lettie got up, her face white and her eyes flashing.

"Don't tempt me again for pity's sake. You know I am weak—you know how I'd have given up everything for you, but you left me then. I could never trust you now."

"You are wrong, Lettie. Before God you are wrong! I'll never speak to you—come near you without your permission, you'll only be there with her, and when I see her again—"

With a bewildered, helpless look, Lettie sat down, covering her face with her hands.

"I am so very terrible, Lettie, that you dare not stay with me for a few hours? My pet, I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head for worlds! only listen to me!"

And Lettie listened to the old story, and tried to think that there was happiness in store for her.

### CHAPTER IV.

Next morning there were pale faces and hurrying feet upon the beach, where a crowd soon gathered round the body of Sam, the idiot boy, which washed up and left by the tide, lay face uppermost amongst the shingle. When the torn coat and shirt were taken off, there were thick blue weals, where blows had fallen.

Murder, foul and cowardly at all times, is in some cases especially so. The lad had been afflicted from his birth, harmless, and like most of his kind, rather a favorite in the village, and loud were the denunciations against the atrocity of the deed, and the guilt of the doer.

Men looked suspiciously into each other's faces as they stood round the public-house, into which the body had been carried, and at the door of which was a policeman. Evan Lloyd was there; he had been riding past, and lent his horse to carry the messenger for the doctor, while another man had ridden off to the nearest magistrate.

Lewis was not there then, but presently he too came down the hill, and afterwards the people said how white his face looked, and that he staggered in his walk as he drew near. Nor were they wrong; and good enough cause Lewis had for both; for when the intelligence of the murder reached him, there had flashed upon his mind, like the vision of a drowning man, the many quarrels, the anger, and the evil temper he had so often vented upon the helpless boy, and the very last time he had seen him, his hand had been on the lad's neck, whose fatal outcry of "murder" seemed to ring again, like a fatal warning in his ears.

He had thought all this when his mother came to tell him, and although he would have rather cut off his right hand than face the crowd and look at the body, he was too great a coward to yield to his fears.

"You're not used to death, Lewis," said the doctor, looking in his white face, as he stood in the room while the examination of the body went on.

"No," said the other, shuddering, "I don't know how you fellows are so cool."

"Wilful murder," was the verdict, and the following day Lewis Lloyd was arrested on suspicion. No one ventured to charge him with deliberate murder; but even man-slaughter, with a man of such well-known violence of temper, would not do too much for the Lloyds.

For three or four months after she had left Pembroke-shire, Lettie had written pretty regularly to Lewis. Then the letters grew fewer; and at last, after a lapse of nearly a month, there came a short letter, bidding him forget her. Strange to say, he took the matter very little to heart. In spite of the way the old folks shook their heads over the new-fangled notions Lewis was adopting in his farming, things prospered. Everything he put his hand to turned out well, and Mrs. Lloyd began to hold up her head again. The bitterness of the first shame was being lost in the success that had been showered upon them ever since the day of grief. Evan wrote often. He was well, and, as far as circumstances would permit, happy. Most of the letters were filled with questions about Lewis, and for the first year never one came that did not refer in some way to Lettie, and express a wish to hear that she and Lewis had made up matters.

Three years had gone by, when one day the post brought Mrs. Lloyd a letter which startled her. It came from Evan, and told her how he had got a ticket of leave, and was, therefore, comparatively a free man; that he would not, however, come to the old farm, but intended to settle in some other part of the country, where everything would be new, and where, by changing his name, he could start clear of the cloud that would always rest upon him where the past was known. The letter ended by asking her to meet him in London, giving her the day, the place where she would find him, and full directions about the route.

There was not a word about Lewis. "You'll go with me!" said his mother, as she gave her back the letter; but Lewis did not answer. His face grew dark, and the veins in his temples sprang.

"You ought to see him, Lewis," pleaded Rachel. "Sore if he's brought trouble on us, he's still your brother, and the Lord's been gracious to us in many ways. You'll never let your old mother ask in vain!"

"Yes, I'll go, mother," answered Lewis, hoarsely.

"There's my own dear lad, always the same, always ready to do a good turn. We'll go together to your poor brother."

Evan had given such clear directions, that there was no difficulty in the journey.

"He'll be changed," was the thought that filled the mother's heart. But Evan was little altered; a little graver, perhaps a little older, but handsomer than ever.

"This is good of you, Lewis," he said, holding out one hand to his brother, while with the other he clasped his mother. "I did not bid you come, I thought you might not like. Hello! Lewis, lad, what's the matter?"

Lewis had burst into tears, and thrown himself upon a sofa.

"Let me alone, mother," he sobbed, shaking



## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## Uses of the Human Body.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER

Every man is bound to take care of his body with the great doctrine of Christian uses as the end and aim which he is to keep in view. We have to have a reason, not simply of self-glorification, not of vanity, not of pride, why we should make as much of the body as possible.

I like to go past an engine-house and see the men, even if they are rude, and if they do sometimes forget their manners, and about out my name when I pass by them, as they did yesterday—I like to go past an engine-house and see these rude sons of industry fiddle and pat their engine. Sometimes I think it is their little god. How they rub it! How they clean it! How they oil it! How they put flowers upon it! Why? They know what it can do. They are proud of it. They have seen it play. They have seen how well it performs in the hour of danger. It has *stuffed* in it, it is a beast engine, they personify it, and give attributes to it. They love it. They talk to it. And they rub the body and clean the leather, and keep every thing all right about it. And I like to see it; because it is the radical quality that they like. It is its ability to perform. It is its real executive power. For that's sake it is that they work it up, and stow it up, and like it, and pat it, and almost *adore* it.

Now, I don't object to a man's taking care of his body in the same way, if it is worth anything to him and the community. I do not object to curling, and fine skin, and all manner of decorations; I do not care how clean you keep the body, or how much you perfume it, or how richly you clothe it, rub it, decorate it, let flowers hang on it, if you wish—only let it be worth something. But to see a man that studies complexion, and locks, and fine lines, and fine cloth, and fine boots and shoes, and that makes the body a mere wax figure, a mere doll, instead of a thing of use—how contemptible that is! That is what I understand by being a *poseur*. If a man has a body that means something, and his bones are bones for use, and his muscle is drawn for use, I do not care how much pains he takes with it. Like him all the better if he is proud of it, and washes it, and cleanses it, and perfumes it, and makes it supple and beautiful. If his care of it has reference to uses that he wishes to put it to, then it is worthy of it. But for a man to take care of his body merely because it is his body, and not because he has any thing to do with it—that is mean enough.

I like to hear an engineer talk to his engine. I think that the next things to men are machines like locomotives. If they should, by some accident, be transmuted, and be endowed with thought and intelligence, I tell you, they would make grand men! And when I am travelling, I think they hardly ever stop to wood and water that I do not go out and see what the engineer is doing with his engine. I sometimes think there is about as much intelligence at one end of the train as at the other! I notice how closely he inspects the various parts. I have sometimes crept under the wheels myself when something had given way and they were repairing the damage, and seen with admiration how clean the very bottom of the engine was where nobody looked at it; how all the axles, and boxes, and parts were cleaned and in order. And I have people take as good care of their bodies as this man has taken of his iron horse to day."

Now, there are thousands of men whose body, the only engine they have, is clean, and polished, and in perfect order outside, but inside is neither clean nor polished nor in good condition. The consequence is, that there is not one man in twenty that is fit to run in any emergency. Men do not seem to think that their machine, the body, ought to be looked after and watched as the engineer thinks his engine ought to. I think it ought to be. I think every joint and muscle and nerve ought to be looked after. Every organ and every part of the human body is worthy of as much study as any part of a locomotive—and for the reason that God made it for you, and made use for it that are worthy of your consideration and would have you take care of it. No man has a right to neglect a machine that is in his charge, and you have no right to neglect your body. You have no business to be sick, if it is owing to a want of watchfulness or to a want of care on your part. And yet, how very many are not as careful about their bodies as the engineer is about his engine! What would be thought of an engineer who should keep his engine in a slovenly manner, and allow the various parts to become dirty and to get out of order? How long would he be tolerated by the superintendent of the road on which he was employed? And yet there is as much excuse for him as there is for a man that neglects his body.

Sometimes say: "I cannot do so and so, because I do not feel very well to day." You ought to be ashamed to say so—and that, not on scientific grounds, but on religious grounds. God has made that body of yours for purposes of use, and has given it enough to do of things that are noble. Society needs it and you need it. And you have no business to let the old engine rest out for want of employment, nor to let it get out of order through neglect or abuse.

Why the very men that you despise ought to put you to shame. Hiram Woodruff died recently. I do not know that he was a pattern of morale in many things; but when he had a horse in his hands he never thought that any pains was too much to lay out on the animal to bring him into the best possible condition. He studied his diet, that he might feed him right. He sifted his oats that he might not eat the least dust. He washed and selected his food with the utmost care.

At a place where they train horses in Kentucky, they have a man picking over hay to separate from the mass the most succulent portions, and feed only those portions to the animals. And it is worth while to do this, when a second makes a difference of thousands of dollars in the price of a horse. When it is a horse, men study his conformation, his muscles and bone, and take every pains to bring him into that condition in which he can perform his very maximum of work.

But you, who are made in the image of God, who are set apart as temples holy and sacred, were fashioned and framed for enterprises that affiliate you with the angelic host, who can work, beginning here on material substance, and press it into the service of God. And when you are born, you are born with the things of eternity—you do not think it worth while, for the sake of God and immortality, to do to your body what men think it worth while to do to a horse! I do not blame them. I think a horse

is worth all this care. But how much more is a man worth than a horse!

I do not know whether you do such naughty things as to read accounts of boxers. I do. There is nothing that a man does in this world that I do not feel interested to find out about. I have read the whole history of their training with the most minute attention, and gathered a good deal of profit and will rebuke therefore. When a man is going to bruise his neighbor's face, when he is going to put his body to one of the worst of uses, he foresees all his losses, avoids every excess, he gives up various pleasures, and brings himself down to habits of regimen and temperance. His diet and sleep and exercise are all controlled by scientific principles. His liver, his stomach, his brain, the pores of his skin, the various parts of his body, come under thorough instruction for the sake of enabling him to hold out and inflict the greatest amount of injury on his opponent. It is astonishing what discipline will do for a man, and what a high state of perfection he may be brought to as an athlete.

Now, the Apostle had that in his mind when he was speaking about gymnasts and athletes. He said: "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible." Do you take such pains to fit yourself for obtaining the incorruptible crown as boxers do to obtain the corruptible? Do you think about training for your work as the athlete does about training for his? There is not one young man or one young minister in a hundred that is not surprised at the idea of eating and drinking and sleeping and talking and living with a constant view to the good of others. It is very seldom that you find a man who has taken a summation and inventory of his life-power, and who administers it night and day so as to avoid excess, and so as to store up the utmost vitality in it, and bring it to bear in such a way as to achieve in life the greatest results that it is possible for him to achieve socially, morally and intellectually. Indeed, I think most men throw away more than half of their vitality. They do not know how to economize it, or apply it, or use it. Men are spendthrifts through ignorance in this regard. Ministers and physicians and lawyers could do twice as much work if they knew how to wisely employ their forces. Most men do their work over about three times. First they do it by anticipation—thinking about it, and thinking about it; then by reality; and then by rumination—thinking it over after they have done it. Men wear themselves out with care and fear and anxiety; men wear themselves out with trudging up hill, because the body is in such a low condition that that which they ought to do by intuition they have to do by laborious research. Men insist upon boring through hard oak to get a miserable peep hole through which to look at the truth, when a whole window, crystalline and transparent, is before them; they only knew how to use it.

A high bodily condition gives men the power to think and execute better. And when the milletial day comes, among the signs of it will be the fact that men understand their bodies; that they know how to bring them to their highest condition; that they know how to make them perform the maximum amount of work that they are capable of performing, without wasting and abusing them; that they know how to fill up what they do with double the quantity of exertion that they now know how to put into it. But this will not be until men know how to consecrate their bodies and make them holy in the sight of God. And I do not know of any questions that need to be treated more in Charity Schools and Mission Schools, and Young Men's Christian Associations, than bodily questions.

Young men come into life not knowing the meaning of their passions; without knowing the laws or the drift of their appetites. Many times through ignorance they fall into habits that drain their very life-blood, and undermine their whole constitution. And when they come to years of discretion, as to know what is wise and what is unwise in the care of themselves, the work is done, they are dammed, and they cannot be restored. There are thousands of men who, for the want of a master to talk to them, for the want of a father to teach them, have utterly destroyed the vitality and taken out the very stamina of their life.

Now, somebody ought to teach somebody to teach somebody else. If there are no Christian physicians in the land to teach young men what is the organization of their body, what are the motor and bounds of indulgence, and what is the meaning of those secret sins and pleasures which carry hell in them, it seems to me that the place where these things ought to be taught is Young Men's Christian Associations. If they are too delicate to be taught by preachers in the pulpit, they ought not to be so delicate but that somebody can teach them somewhere.

A true and full Christian worships God with spirit, soul and body. That is a full worship is one which includes in it all the agencies that go to constitute true manhood.

I remember once being alone for an hour or two on the top of Mount Washington. I separated myself from the party that I was with that I might be alone. And I recollect distinctly that in that high mountain air, with perfect health, and with the most exquisite sensibility to every thing that there was around me, I had the feeling that in the mere consciousness of physical health there was more pleasure than most men are able to get out of the whole round of aristocratic society excitements. I was struck with how much the body has of pleasure in spiritual health. You see it in children, in the young, in their exuberant overflow of joy in mere motion, in the simple act of bounding.

Now, the body ought to be kept at that stage in which its joy is overflow, shall we say, with an offering unto God. Health, and pleasure in health, a activity, and fruitfulness in activity—these are not prayer, but they range themselves right along by the side of it. I am not speaking of their relative importance, nor of their moral qualities. Where a man has physical exercises which result from water and care, and where he has a conception of his body as a receptacle for God in such a way that he keeps it pure, and sweet, and clean, and healthy all through, and makes it medicinal with joy, he is consistently rendering power to God; in worship God continually.

A new light is thus thrown upon the claims and merit of bodily dissipations. There is great glories in presenting our bodies living sacrifices. Let me open that a little. A mother is sometimes called to watch over her children in her sickness for which she is not responsible, though the community may be. Her house is turned into an hospital; she is deprived of rest by night and is overtaxed by day; perchance she is low down

in life, a master to the household, where God will find His chiefest and noblest martyrs in the last day; and her sacrificing her life under such circumstances is beautiful and worthy of praise.

A warrior may perceive that the exigencies of the service demand not only that he should dwell in mortal districts, but that he should tax himself days and nights without rest, or that he should offer up his body in battle; and if the end be good, it is a living sacrifice most noble that he makes. A patriot may perceive that his country will live by his dying, and he may offer himself for the welfare of his country, and the offspring is a most noble one. Nothing can be conceived that is more noble than the despising and treading under foot the body under such circumstances. Nothing is fit for a gift except that which is worth keeping. He who offers himself to the service of his country, and the offspring is a most noble one. Nothing can be conceived that is more noble than the despising and treading under foot the body under such circumstances. Nothing is fit for a gift except that which is worth keeping. 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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## Unequalled Inducements.

## Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "Post" extend their thanks to those who have offered strong inducements to those who enter the name of making up stock, as well as to those who send in their subscriptions, the sum of which will be deposited in the Post office account.

A large and beautiful steel engraving, 25 inches long by 18 inches wide, representing all the culture and peculiar character of America, could

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent gratis to every single \$250 subscriber, and to every person sending in stock. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our advertising list.

The contents of this Post shall consist, as heretofore, of the most original and selected matter that can be presented.

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,  
ANecdotes, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES,  
RECIPIES, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best  
native and foreign writers, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.  
The Post is entirely devoted to literature, and therefore does not discuss politics or editorialize upon them. It is a common rule, however, that one need not ignore a subject that comes upon the point of discussion in question.

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Subscription rates for the various editions of this well-known magazine. The "Post's" Premium, in order that the claim may be met by the paper and insurance company, will be made out, and are as follows:

One year's Premium Engraving, \$25.00  
Copy of "The Post" & "The Lady's Friend"  
Annual subscription, 1.00

## CLUBS.

1000	\$1.00
500	6.00
250	3.00
100	1.20
50	.60
25	.30
10	.15
5	.08
2	.04
1	.02

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OUR NEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We are sorry to inform you that Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Williams, of New Haven, Conn., Mr. & Mrs. W. Williams, of New Haven, Conn., and Mr. & Mrs. W. Williams, of New Haven, Conn., have been invited to receive the Premium, on the condition that they will be present at the exhibition of the Premium Engraving, at the New Haven Fair, on Saturday evening, July 15th, North America, and will be present at the opening of the Premium Engraving, at the New Haven Fair, on Saturday evening, July 15th, North America.

Richard Brown had lived a bachelor for forty years, and declared his intention of continuing in the state of single blessedness for the remainder of his life—greatly to the satisfaction of his relatives the Hinkles, with whom he resided, for he knew Uncle Richard was worth a cool half million, and the Hinkles were his only living relations, and, unless, as Mrs. Hinkle said, some "nasty charity" came in for his property, who should leave it to but to his own cousins or their children?

Hopeful as noor human nature is of longevity, Mr. and Mrs. Hinkle daily expected to survive their cousin, who was their junior by ten years, but Adelaide, and Rose, and Charles, and William, might in all probability be his heirs, and to this end the parents labored. Uncle Richard had the best room in the house, the best chair, the most particular consideration. His wishes were deferred to and his advice taken on every occasion, and he actually came to be loved; for, with all his blunt, old-fashioned ways, and his habit of sitting so terribly silent as though he had been deaf and dumb, he was a likeable man. Matters progressed smoothly enough until it was habit and not hyperbole which made Cousin Richard actually master of the house.

He was very obliging—wonderfully so in most respects. He would attend to anything for anybody—match ribbons when nobody else could—escort the girls to places of amusement—go dutifully to church with their mamma—attend to marketing and the posting of letters, and the gas-meter, and the running of the water in frosty weather. He was always ready to search the house with a poker at the dead of night, when any one "heard a noise."

He went to the dentist with people who wanted their teeth drawn, and always seemed to have sugar plum in his pocket. But one thing Cousin Richard would not do, and that was to exhibit the least sign of politeness or manner, and not often to them, if they were as bold as ever heard, that he was a fool.

He never saw one home. He never even spent the evening in their company. He invariably shut himself up in his own room and had his tea there when one of these individuals was reported to be in the house, and, when traveling, had been known to shut his eyes tight when a young lady entered, and remain with them closed until she left the carriage.

As a general thing, indeed, he always chose a carriage where he need not be intruded upon.

"It was just as well after all," said Mrs. Hinkle, but it was a peculiarity not quite so agreeable to Mr. H. when he found the pleasant task of seeing Miss Smith or Miss Jones him'd imposed upon himself. He argued that such duties were Cousin Dick's, though he never told him so. It would not be so pleasant to prove him right, if anything could have tempted Bachelor Brown mortally; it would have been no less painful than offering any gallant attention to the other girls.

However, a day came at last which set the whole household in commotion.

Mrs. Amanda Dove had been invited to spend a week with the Hinkles, and Miss Dove, being a stranger, was to wait at the station under the name of her car.

It was decided that Mr. Hinkle should escort Miss Dove, but before the day of her arrival descended, a young lad called that gentleman to school. Moreover, Mrs. Hinkle had the impression that the two boys were at boarding school. Now she was to be found to drive, and neither Rose nor Adelaide could handle the reins. Miss Dove was to come at nine, and what would she think of them if she once came for us?

"Indeed," said Mrs. Hinkle, "it would be showing treatment for the dead girl. I must see your Cousin Richard."

"You need not, ma'am," said Rose again.

"In such a case, you know—" said Mrs. Hinkle.

"I will not do it," said Adelaide.

"Of course not," said Rose.

Mrs. Hinkle shook her head.

"I fear he will not," she said, and, assuming an expression which would have done credit to Joan of Arc, mounted the stairs to Cousin Richard's study.

"Are you busy, Richard?" she asked as she entered.

"Not at all—sit down," said Bachelor Brown.

"You see how ill I am," said Mrs. Hinkle; "I can hardly hold up my head, much less drive, and Mr. Hinkle is away, and the boys too, and no one can handle the reins, and—"

"Well," said Bachelor Brown.

"And there is poor Miss Dove at the station

## MINE ONLY.

BY M. W. M.

The hand that I so fondly clasp  
Within my own,  
Must ne'er have thrilled to any grasp  
Save mine alone.

The lips that mine so lightly press  
Must never know  
From other lips the soft caress  
That mine bestow.

The form that I with rapture fold  
In twining arms,  
Once clasped by another's hold  
Would lose its charms.

If ever on another breast  
Had lain thy head,  
The glory of each golden tree  
For me were fled.

The maiden blushed on thy cheek  
That come and go,  
And deeper when of love I speak  
In whispers low,

If kindled by another's touch,  
Or voice or eyes,  
Would lose the charm which now so much  
I love and prize.

The heart that yields itself to me,  
And owns my power,  
Until my coming let it be  
A folded flower,

And in the love-light of my eyes,  
Each leaf unfold,  
To find itself, with sweet surprise,  
A perfect rose.

## Bachelor Brown's Courtship.

Richard Brown had lived a bachelor for forty years, and declared his intention of continuing in the state of single blessedness for the remainder of his life—greatly to the satisfaction of his relatives the Hinkles, with whom he resided, for he knew Uncle Richard was worth a cool half million, and the Hinkles were his only living relations, and, unless, as Mrs. Hinkle said, some "nasty charity" came in for his property, who should leave it to but to his own cousins or their children?

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and Mr. Hinkle is away, and the boys too, and no one can handle the reins, and—"

"Well," said Bachelor Brown.

"And there is poor Miss Dove at the station

with her trunk by this time," said Mrs. Hinkle, with a gasp.

"Ah!" said Bachelor Brown; "what a pity!"

Mrs. Hinkle felt she had not begun yet.

Bachelor Brown could not understand what she wanted.

"It's a favor—a great favor to ask, I know,"

she said, "but couldn't you just for once do it?"

"Do what, Maria?" asked Bachelor Brown.

"Go for her," said Mrs. Hinkle.

"For Miss Dove?"

"Yes."

"Oh, dear dear!" said Cousin Richard.

"But—" began Mrs. Hinkle.

"Maria," said the old bachelor, "young ladies, my little cousins excepted, are my abomination.

An affected, conceited, absurd sort of creature.

I never had any thing to do with 'em, and I

never will. No doubt she is capable of finding her way here. They all appear to be. I hasn't got her."

Mrs. Hinkle retreated.

"What will she think of us?" she said, sobbing.

"Don't cry," said Bachelor Brown. "I'll see if any of the bands over at Ogle's place can drive over for her."

And out he went; but all the bands on Ogle's place were busy with the hay, which stood in danger from a coming shower. Richard returned without the least success.

"A shower, too," said Rose. "Poor dear Amanda."

"And you're quite young enough, sir," said Bachelor Brown.

"Most men do, sir," said the clergyman.

"Yes; lighting is a nervous sort of thing,"

said Bachelor Brown.

"I did not allude to the storm."

"Indeed, sir."

"But to the approaching ceremony."

"No, sir, thank you," said Bachelor Brown.

"Most men do, sir," said the clergyman.

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"I did not allude to the storm."

"Undoubtedly," said the clergyman.

"And you think man is—happier—for—for—entering the nuptial state?" he inquired.

"No man can be happy without so doing, and it is every man's duty," said the old gentleman, believing every word he said.

"She is a dear little thing," thought Mr. Brown to himself. "I never liked a girl so much. It's very awkward to explain. I wonder whether—"

And just then Miss Dove entered the room, looking angelic without her bonnet to Mr. Brown. Bachelor Brown drew her aside.

"I have something to say to you, Miss Dove," he said.

"Dear me," said Miss Dove.

"They've made a mistake," said Bachelor Brown.

"They think we—we—we—are—people they expect—a young couple, you know, about to—"

"Oh, dear, do they?" whispered Miss Dove.

"Yes," said Bachelor Brown. "Now it would be very awkward to explain. And I like you so much. Couldn't you like me, too, and let him do it—eh?"

"D—what, Mr. Brown?" said Amanda.

"Marry us," said Bachelor B.

"



inheritor of the wealth that a strong hand had directed—in this poor pig. Some religion! It was to be a gentleman, according to his career, rather than an Englishman, where subtlety of manner is required to manage a compartment in one's saloon.

There was one especially large luggage on the platform—a great trunk, leather-bound, and so full, of every article of dress, plaid, brass-mounted saddle-sabre, and lock and water-proof cases, to every boy and case, very much better of their kind than may be seen in general. This luggage was watched and guarded, in a condescending but vigilant manner, by a person in black, in stock, and in repose, that he could be nothing else than a servant.

Mr. Marsh, impatiently walking up and down, had enough time left in him to catch a glance at the highly mounted luggage on one of these well-protected trucks. "William Morgan, Esq.," said the surgeon, smiling; "he, too, used to accompany me for my Lord, I am sure. He is a regular type, like William Morgan, Esq." This was said in his slouch, but not in his speech, and the presence of the tall and elegant waiter, more nobly servant to Lord Uswater than any man of his class, who had gone through the study disciplines and long training which had fitted him for the lot of a chamberlain or butler in the new knight of the shire. It is not to much to say that this estimation of *Esq.* which served William Morgan from day to day set him deeply, and it may well be that, from pride, power, and want of heart, and hence of tact, had born on that day.

He went, at last, with many leave-taking, refusing to touch the hand which the girl held out to him in sign of recognition, closing the door, and crossing the entrance hall with a bounding step. In the hall he met Mrs. Hastings, and she would have detained him, but he passed without a word, and went out, making his way towards the outer gate. Mrs. Hastings from a window that overlooked the grounds, saw the young man, under and girdle of men, pass on towards the road, but pulled down over his brow, and the reckless mirth of his whole aspect moved her somewhat to compassion for him as well as for his own disengagement.

"It is all over now, mamma," said Flora softly, "he will come no more."

Mrs. Hastings gave a bitter cry. "Aha! well," she said, reluctantly acknowledging the truth, "I suppose that when Lord Uswater calls, he must go to him."

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

THE MURDER OF MR. MORGAN.

"I'll be even with you, but yet I'll snarl," said Mr. Stephen Marsh of Southwark Soc., M.R.C.S., and general practitioner. "I found a bullet, and deep as he is, and strong as he is, we'll see who wins surely!" With which words he turned sharply round, and resumed his occupation of passing to and fro in the full extent of the black platform of the little station on the railway. The ill-conditioned man had a small black bar with him, and his hand rested in the ringling of red and green glassy buttons, and he had twice crossed at the closed shutters of the booking-office windows, on the outside of the line, where, as yet, signs for London were not procurable.

Mr. Marsh was going to London, and the fact that he had come to burden himself with such slender baggage as he had brought with him, showed that his region within the compass of a day was master of importance. He was going to London, and the exact on which he was bound was, at that moment, as right as it could be, but only by the deepest sense of thought that seemed his sobering forward, but also by the very natural fact that he was entirely under the influence of his old master, Mr. Hastings, who had been sold before? Yes, as likely as not, had changed since the doctor's modish Soothsayer had been made clear from the example of strong liquor, for he was a crazy drake, one of those unfortunate persons whom their naturally nervous spirits excited by alcohol, and it was rare that his naturally keen wits were clear from the cloud of aqua-vitæ. But he was another now.

A dangerous man! There was a red light in his dark eyes, deep in his hairy cavity beneath his hirsute brows, that indeed no good. His mouth was naturally a humor, and though the lips of no habitual drunkard can express a resolve with so well as those of a temperate man, Mr. Marsh's lips were tightened over his painted white teeth in a manner which showed that their owner meant mischief. The very neatness of the surgeon's service, to the eyes of any one familiar with the shabby style of his usual attire, had in some few moments. A dangerous man, no doubt, and at the same time, to judge by the sternness of his face and the height of his forehead, a man who might have made his mark in the world, and whose honest fame had not been the besotted glass of vanity and drink.

"I'll be even with my lord yet!" He uttered the words, but distinctly, with a sort of hiss like that of a snake. He ground out the words, as it were, in a sort of cataract, by the help of his measured tread, and the dull, regular clack of his frenzied heel upon the brick pavement seemed to repeat the threat that his thin-lipped mouth shaped silently—*"I'll be even with my lord yet!"*

It was indeed a dangerous man. One could fear least, virtuous or crooked even such as he. Damians and Raes had well have been kindred spirits to that stout, intelligent, spited apothecary. There are men to whom knowledge is a saving talisman; William Morgan was one of these. There are others who, like the Tyrone and men of which D'Herbier pressed and Moore sang, extract poison from the blossoms that yield sweet honey to the tenants of other lives. Stephen Marsh was one of these—a dangerous, desperate man—an emboldened knave.

There were a good many passengers bound for London on that day. Two porters of the tiny station were overworked. Many of these above-mentioned passengers were indeed tooth-toothed creatures, with mangled limbs, and curved horns, and cloven hoofs, howling wretchedly down from the sides of their crowded van, and issuing discursive regurgitations for the green pastures for ever left behind. There had been a great cattle-fair at a neighboring town, and a drove of oxen had come into London to be forwarded at the hands of the fat horse to London. Beasts though, and the rough men, infinitely more brutal than the aged, eyeless, cloven-hoofed creatures whom they governed with goad and scorpion, there were a good many candidates for places in the trees. In the setting sun the City had come round, and a surprising number of the visitors at the meeting place were more or less concerned therein, and had to travel up accordingly. The crowd on the black plat-

form made the station resemble a French station, where trains are few and passengers scanty, rather than an English one, where squatibus is required to manage a compartment in one's saloon.

There was one especially large luggage on the platform—a great trunk, leather-bound, and so full, of every article of dress, plaid, brass-mounted saddle-sabre, and lock and water-proof cases, to every boy and case, very much better of their kind than may be seen in general. This luggage was watched and guarded, in a condescending but vigilant manner, by a person in black, in stock, and in repose, that he could be nothing else than a servant.

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"Now, Mr. Marsh," said he, "let us, if you please, have some talk together."

"What do you mean?" asked Morgan ex-citedly.

"I mean this," returned his uncouth fellow-traveller, snapping his fingers. "I can have that man—peer or not, in the dock of the Central Criminal Court, if I choose. And I don't think they'd even allow him to swing in a rotten rope, as they did Lord Ferrers. I can hang him, and I will hang him too;" and the bankrupt doctor backed his assertion by a grisly oath.

"Are you sober, or vicious?" asked Morgan with white lips.

"Quite sober, and quite serious," answered Mr. Marsh. The train labored on.

William Morgan, Esq., M.P., was very much surprised and shocked. "His own life and his habitual associations were so very far removed from anything involving of violence, or even of illegality, that to him the courts of criminal law, and the crimes they deal with, seemed as far removed as if they had been in some other planet. And yet, if this man were not mad, what was he to think? The surgeon's hints were unmistakable. He meant to assert that he knew that of Lord Uswater which placed that nobleman's life and reputation in his hands. What should that be—*sive murder?*

Morgan looked at him. As usual in such cases, the advantage in point of information was on the side of the worldly inferior. The insolent surgeon knew a great deal about Morgan, while Morgan knew nothing of him. The member for Ossshire saw before him a shabby, shrewd, underhanded person, and was at a loss to reconcile the doctor's present demeanor with the quick-witted delusion of his act on Morgan's behalf at Shenton Station; however, he went on, more blandly than before.

"Allow me, as I said, to thank you very much. I shall be glad, if ever I have an opportunity, of returning the service you have so kindly done me, to prove that I remember it." With which, the new member of parliament held out his hand for the pistol.

But instead of restoring the weapon, Mr. Marsh proceeded to examine it critically, clicking the hammer, sounding the barrel with the aid of the spring ramrod, and grinning sardonically the while.

"Fucky low chit?" he said, dryly; "uncommonly lucky." Thunderside, the corner of the Shenton Mercury, was standing a dozen yards off, beside the haystack. What a treat it would be for him, a pup at this plaything! And the Shenton folks stood gazing. They talk of your affairs quite sufficiently as it is, Mr. Morgan. If they knew you went armed—thud—thud—dead the steel top of the ramrod sounds upon the bullets, does it not?—they would be sure to set you down as about to blow out your own brains, or Lord Uswater's—comfound knaves!"

The new representative of Ossshire glared with anything but an agreeable expression in his bloodshot, weary eyes at this audacious utterance of home-truths. There is so much of convenient reticence, of glozing over unpleasant stories, of taking things for granted, and the like, in civilized society, that an intrusion into the private life of another person, when it does take place, occasions as much stupor as a surprise, unless we are very careful. You have more money than most men have, and, besides, you have recognized a good position in the world. I am poor; but if you will supply me with the *shins of war*, and introduce me to a clever and yet respectable attorney—your own lawyers will find you one, if, as I suppose, they are too high and mighty to dabble in Old Bailey business—you will find your account in it. When Lord Uswater has been tried and found guilty, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have helped to jockey your rival; and you still care for the young lady!"

"Hold your tongue, sir! I hope you know a name by breathing it!" interrupted Morgan, turning so fiercely on the surgeon as to startle him into silence. "How dare you meddle with my affairs, you ruffian!"

Mr. Marsh could only express his sincere astonishment by prolonged silence. He was a man whose creed of ethics was ennobled in the hardest and driest rules of self-interest, and was honestly incapable of comprehending any lofty theory. In his eyes, then, William Morgan must be either mad, or he must have failed to take in the meaning of the proposition that had been made to him. The latter hypothesis was the more likely.

"Young gentleman," said Mr. Marsh, in as conciliatory a tone as it was possible for him to assume, "I assure you that I did not mean to offend you. I have led a dog's life, and received a dog's treatment of late years, and I dare say my politeness and drawing-room manners have grown somewhat rusty. Allow me to apologize. But with respect to Lord Uswater, I take it for granted you would not be sorry to see him out of the race."

"Mr. Marsh, one word, if you please," said Morgan, in a clear, incisive tone very unusual with him: "am I to understand that Lord Uswater has committed some great crime, that you have been accessory to it, and that, having since become hostile to him, you propose to gratify your dislike by bringing him to justice? Yes or no, sir?"

Mr. Marsh winced. "You've about hit the bull's-eye!" he said with a wince. After a short pause, he continued: "You have a chance, now, Mr. Morgan, of winning the game on which I see by your face that your heart is set as strongly as ever—a chance such as seldom presents itself to any man. Throw it away, and you will never have such another opportunity. I don't press you to make up your mind at once. Think it over. I will leave you my address, and you can write me a line at your leisure. Or I will call on you in London. It would be rank folly to throw such a chance away."

As the schemer spoke, he watched the working of his auditor's features, and felt confident of success; but he was destined to a grievous disappointment. Crafty as he was, it was impossible for Mr. Marsh to appreciate the effect of early training on a mind such as that of the member for Ossshire. Fortunatus Morgan had been a public-school boy, and if our English public schools teach little, theirs is at least a healthy atmosphere, fatal to the manner faults, to treachery, tale-bearing, and unkindness of all sorts. To these be a stark, an informer, a stabber in the dark, these were developments of human

sinfulness that a drunkard like myself—for I have taken to smoking, Mr. Morgan, is my poverty, and despair, and disappointment, though I can lay aside the habit when I choose—was not so fit to be a West-end physician as some of the oily blockheads that strew the floors of their broughams with fees. That is what he has done, sir, and for that I'll be revenged, never fear!"

To this outburst the sensitive member for Ossshire hearkened with an attention that astonished himself. With Mr. Marsh he was by no means pleased, justly regarding him as an impudent and malignant adventurer, but there is a satisfaction in hearing those we hate vigorously abused, which is irresistible tempting to us by the most magnanimous minds. And it must be admitted that Morgan had a fair excuse for using his supplanter.

"I'll tell you something that will surprise you," broke out the surgeon, after a silence during which the train had stopped at a station and gone passing on again. "This infernal villain up at St. Pagans—ah! you may stir, but I know what I am talking about—is under my thumb, for all his pride! I have a noose round my lord's neck, I have, and it rests with me when to tighten it."

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sinfulness which a youth bred at Eton and Oxford could not regard otherwise than with a pious horror. All the vague but powerful influences of honor arose within Morgan's breast, and asserted themselves in a way that admitted of no contradiction.

Morgan looked at his watch. In five minutes the train would stop at Furley Station. He drew out his portemonnaie, took a bank note from it, and examined it, after which he tossed it contemptuously towards his travelling companion, saying in a firm voice:

"There is your compensation for the service rendered at Shenton. Give me back the pistol."

With some hesitation the surgeon gave the weapon back. By this time the train was moving at slackened speed, and the steam-whistle sounding shrilly.

"The pistol," said Morgan, speaking in a cold, resolute tone, "has been lying in my dressing-case, loaded and half-forgotten, these two years and more. I scarcely know what idle fancy induced me to carry it about my person to-day. You, I see you carry, but I care nothing for your opinion. You were right in supposing that it would have annoyed me to have had the pistol publicly exhibited at Shenton. There it goes!" and with three words he flung the little weapon with his whole force from the open window of the carriage, into a broad brook, across the bridge of which the train was slowly passing.

"And now, Mr. Marsh, one last word. Whatever may be your designs with respect to Lord Uswater, I beg that you will not count on me to further them. I beg, also, that you will not again address me. We will be strangers to one another for the future, as formerly, if you please."

The train came very opportunely to a halt at Furley Station, and William Morgan signed to a porter to open the door, and got quickly out of the carriage, without paying any further attention to Mr. Marsh, who sat staring at him with much the expression in his eyes which may be noticed in those of a savage dog that is within an ace of flying at the throat of a passer-by.

"I never knew such a fool never!" said Mr. Marsh, loudly enough for the subject of his outspoken criticism to hear him, as the carriage closed, and he was left alone. Then he unfolded the bank note. Had it been one for five, or even for ten pounds, he would perhaps have returned it, not very ceremoniously, to the donor; but it was a fifty-pound note, and to give it back was out of the question. "The blockhead he has given me the



## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[July 12, 1867.]

## WIT AND HUMOR.

## Popping the Question.

Mr. Smithson (an improvement on the celebrated name of Smith) wishes to take Miss Brownly (another improvement) to the opera. He had been on terms of intimacy with the family for about five years, but "never spoke of love"; on the contrary, he had frequently declared his intention of leading a bachelor's life. Once he put his hand to the bell-handle, and was ad-

"Oh, James," exclaimed Miss Jane, "where have you kept yourself so long?"

This took Smithson a little aback, for he had spent the preceding evening with the family. Before he could answer, however, Jane's brothers and sisters (eight or ten in number) had gathered about him. Summoning all his courage, he said—

"I have come to ask you—"

"Not here, James; not—now—oh!"

"That is," stammered Smithson, "if you're not engaged—"

"Oho! water—quick!"

"What's that?" inquired her father; "who are engaged?"

"I didn't mean," said Smithson, in conclusion.

"Of course not," continued Mr. Brownly; "you've always been our favorite!"

Then advancing and taking poor Smithson's hand, he said—

"Take her—she's a good girl, and loves you to distraction. May you ever be happy as the day is long!"

Thereupon father, and mother, and children crowded about Smithson and wished him joy, and company coming it at the moment, the affair was told to them as a profound secret. So Smithson got a wife without popping the question, and almost before he knew it himself. But we cannot help thinking he was hurried into matrimony.

## How She Served Him.

In our vicinity there thrives a corner grocery, the proprietor of which is a good-natured Dutchman, who is always practising some stale joke upon his customers. One of the points played by our German friend is this:—

A customer asks the price of butter.

"Veil," says Hans, "I sell you some goat butter for forty cents—anybody else, thirty-five."

Customer smiles at the dried joke, pays for butter, and vanishes, with the impression that Hans is entirely too smart.

But one day Hans is caught in his own trap. Bridget wants to purchase some soap.

"An' what's the price of soap a bar?" interrogrates she.

"Dat is a good soap, Bridgy," said Hans. "I lets you have 'em for twenty cents a bar—any body else, ten cents, you know."

"All right," says Bridget; "give us five bars at that price."

Hans passes over the soap, Bridget lays down fifty cents, and away walks five bars of soap. Hans smells a mile.

"Here, by goodness! dat is a mistake here. Five bars of soap is one dollar."

Bridget steps indignantly.

"But, and be jibbers, didn't you tell me the price was twenty cents to me, an' ten to anybody else? Well, bad luck to ye, it's not for me at all; all it's for Mrs. Melaney, who lives next door!"

## Broke her Pledge.

In a certain "Ladies' Moral Reform Society," six stings not many miles from the bank of a certain river, the members were required to sign a pledge not to "sit up," as it is termed, or do anything else that might be supposed to have a tendency, however remote, to immorality. One evening as the President was calling over the names to know whether each member had kept her obligation, a beautiful and highly respectable young lady burst into tears, and on being questioned as to the cause, said she feared she had broken her pledge.

"What, what have you done?" asked the President.

"Oh!" sobbed the young lady, Dr. ———— kissed me the other night when he waited on me home from meeting."

"Oh, well, that is nothing very bad," said the President; "but kissing does not make it that you have broken the pledge."

"Oh! that isn't the worst of it," exclaimed the conscientious young lady, "I kissed him back again."

**A NEAT HIT.**—The editor of the *Tidoule* (*Pa.*) Journal comes down on a giggling woman of that locality in the following racy manner:—

"Fair. The lady (\*) who yesterday called the attention of another to our patched breeches, whereas they both laughed so heartily, is informed that a new pair will be purchased when her husband's 'little bill' is settled. It has been due us nearly a year."

**Notes.** First—when you speak disparagingly of a passer by, and do not wish to be heard, talk low. Second—Don't criticise the printer's dress too closely, while wearing silks purchased with money due him. Third—Tell your husband to send us \$25.70 at once, and save costs of an entire suit!"

**A QUAKER gentleman,** riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl as light as cobweb, she exclaimed:—

"What shall I do to get warm?"

"I really don't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly, "unless thee should put on another blouse!"

**From Belgrade.**—A letter from Belgrade says: "A curious and somewhat ludicrous little incident occurred here the other day, which has been much talked about, and is not without a certain significance. A body of well-known Servians, all members of the extreme patriotic party, marched through the streets with long beards down to their knees, escorted by a number of barbers, razors in hand, and in this array entered the fortress, where the barbers proceeded at once to strip these bearded pards of their bizarre adornments and send them out clean shaved. The fact is that at the bombardment of Belgrade in 1809, these Servians had vowed never to let a razor touch their faces until they could do so in the fortress itself on the day in which the Turkish troops abandoned it, and they completed their vow in the manner I have described."



A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Miss Angela Lovell (with the best intentions in the world)—"I cannot bear your handsome men, Mr. Peppercorn. They seem to think it is never worth their while to make themselves agreeable. Now, plain people generally—"

Mr. Giley Peppercorn—"Oh, hang it! There, I beg your pardon—but this is the third time a lady has made that very remark to me this very evening! Why not let a fellow think that you think he's good-looking and agreeable, too?"

## JULY FOURTH, 1867.

BY H. J. A.

Behold the spirits of the dead arisen,  
The darkness of the tomb all swept away,  
And stepping each one from his narrow prison,  
They stand with us to-day!

Their hands unseen direct the cannon's fire,  
At the salutes each loyal bosom swells,  
The glory of the hour their souls inspiring,  
They help to ring out the bells.

And as above each house, and staff, and steeple,  
The Stars and Stripes in triumph fly abroad,  
They join in all the rapture of the people,  
And offer thanks to God.

Who are these spirits, rising to our vision?

Why follow they our path, with solemn tread?  
They come with blessings from yon world Elysian,

They are the Country's Dead!

Welcome the day to Freedom consecrated!

Welcome to you, O brothers free and true!  
Thank God, the dear old soil is liberated,  
Blood bought, by us and you!

Softly they whisper, "We from yonder Heaven,  
Who once, as foes, met on the field of strife,  
Now stand up side by side, all wrong forgiven,  
Death swallowed up in life!"

We've come to tell you that the peace we signed for

Is ours at last. No higher hills we crave,  
When looking downward to the land we died for,  
We see one banner wave:

And as we join in your congratulations,  
Seeing the fruits of liberty unfurled,  
We pray you stand erect among the nations,  
Brothers—no longer foes!

Then ring the bells ares sing for a token  
That these our dead, speak not to us in vain,  
Ring for a Union never to be broken  
By voice of War again.

Only if foreign despots, in their madness,  
Should dare upon our starry flag to breathe,  
Then shall the sword this day lay down with gladness,

Flash grandly from its sheath!

Then, by the memory of this day's high story,  
From North and South Columbus' sons shall pour,

And strive together for her ancient glory,

And free their land once more!

## AGRICULTURAL.

## SHELTER FOR PLANTS.

BY JUDGE FRENCH.

Men and animals instinctively seek shelter for protection against the blasts of winter, with the snow and cold, against the heat of summer, the sun that smarts at noon-day, and the cold nights that often follow the hottest summer days. They are somehow made uncomfortable by sudden changes from heat to cold, and from cold to heat. Exposure to high winds at any temperature, gives to most of us an unpleasant sensation; for what reason, we seldom pause to consider.

Plants seem to possess something of the same sensitiveness to sudden changes of climate, and we all admit without question, that shelter from high winds and from sudden changes from heat to cold, and from cold to heat are in some, at least to all plants of garden culture. Why plants suffer from these causes it may be interesting to consider some what in detail, and for convenience we will arrange the subject under several heads.

**Shelter from the Wind.**—Under this head we may consider what may be called the mechanical injury sustained by want of shelter. Beside the action of tempests which prostrate our fruit trees, or break them down, or shake off their fruit, we may observe many ill effects of the high winds, which always prevail in spring time. Tender half-grown leaves of even the maple and elm, are often whipped and torn in pieces by fair weather winds, so as seriously to mar their foliage for the whole season. Grapes vines and ornamentals, creeping vines, are torn from their trellises, their tendrils broken, and their sym-

that shelter is as important to guard against this injury as against cold.

**The Remedy.** As special safeguards against the various ill effects of exposure on uneven grounds, we may erect fences, or plant hedges of white pine or Norway spruce, or hemlock, and thus provide effectual shelter for gardens and small tracts. In selecting sites for gardens, and for pear orchards and vineyards, we may often avail ourselves of the protection of buildings, and of natural growths of forest. In New England, our rougher winds come from the north and east, and the southerly side of hills has not only the advantage of the sun's heat, but also natural shelter from the wind. The writer of an excellent treatise on market gardening, says, that a board a foot wide, set on edge on the north side of a row of peas, will materially aid their early growth.

If we take a broader view, we shall be satisfied that for the good of the whole country, the consideration of shelter is very important. The destruction of forests has undoubtedly rendered large tracts of country unfit for the production of fruit, which before was very productive. This ill effect is produced partly by the drying up of streams, caused by laying the country bare, so that the evaporation is increased till the moist grounds are rendered dry, and finally the rainfall is lessened for want of the moisture gradually given out from these grounds and from the forests, and partly by the prevalence of high winds which prevail so much more in an open country than in one broken by large reaches of timber. The Cape Verde Islands were in great distress in 1866, from famine, and more than thirty thousand people are said to have perished there, from that cause, within a few years. They have destroyed their forests, and in some years no rain whatever has fallen, and their only hope is in replanting their island with forest trees.

Professor Headie, of Michigan Agricultural College, is quoted as declaring that the clearing of the lands in Michigan, has so changed the climate, that the peach crop, which from 1828 to 1841, was quite sure in some counties, now fails except in sheltered spots; and that the frost, which thirty years ago was hardly known to injure corn, now is considered a dangerous enemy to that crop. Mr. Marsh, in his "Man and Nature," gives many illustrations of the evil consequences of removing the forests in Europe; and of the advantages of systematic planting of belts of trees, as in Belgium, by means of which large tracts of barren land have been rendered fertile.—*Miss. Philanthropist.*

## THE RIDDLER.

## Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 16, 12, 5, 14, 4, 3, is a boy's name.

My 17, 15, 19, 9, is no whim.

My 16, 10, 9, 2, 7, is what many are eager to obtain.

My 6, 7, 7, is not even.

My 16, 14, 13, embraces many years.

My 1, 8, 7, is a boy's nickname.

My 20, 2, 12, is an article.

My 17, 12, 6, 9, is a Spanish coin.

My 13, 20, 2, 18, 11, is a county in Ohio.

My 3, 11, 7, is what you have come to.

My whole is a true saying.

Laurens

FRANKIE.

## Double Rebus.

1. A great botanist.

2. A female name.

3. Something essential to the well-being of a tree.

4. The heroine of a nursery rhyme.

5. An interjection.

6. A nourishing food.

The final forms the name of an eminent poetess; the initials, her birthplace.

IVY GREEN.

## Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in flour, but not in meal.

My 2d is in sign, but not in seal.

My 3d is in thick, but not in long.

My 4th is in right, but not in wrong.

My 5th is in mountain, but not in hill.

My 6th is in murder, but not in kill.

My 7th is in dove, but not in lark.

My 8th is in light, but not in dark.

My 9th is in hall, but not in rain.

My 10th is in France, but not in Spain.

My 11th is in flute, but not in file.

My 12th is in death, but not in life.

My 13th is in win, but not in wed.

My 14th is in copper, but not in lead.

My 15th is in December, but not in May.

My whole, dear reader, is a play.

AMANDA PENROSE.

## Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A sharpshooter can hit a circular target of 5 inches radius, at a distance of 600 yards, 3 times out of 4 shots with a rifle. Suppose he fires at a target of 7 inches radius at a distance of 1,000 yards.

Required—the probability that he will hit it.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

## Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B and C start on a journey of 40 miles.

A can travel only one mile an hour, B two miles, but C has a horse and buggy, and can travel 5 miles;

and as they desire to reach their journey's end in the shortest possible time, C takes up A and carries him so far that going back and taking up B they all reach their journey's end together.